

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MOON-GASER.—A FABLE.

BY ISA. AMEND HERBERT.

Cynthuleus stood on a prairie bare;
A few fall flowers through their icy hair
Looked up and smiled, but they caught not his eye,
For he gazed on the moon in the cloud-hung sky.

Unmindful of hearts that were beating so loud,
The modest moon hid in a rayless cloud;
The eager-eyed gaser, scarce breathing a breath,
Stood stricken, and seemed like a statue of Death.

His eye to the cloud, as a star to the night,
Clung close till he saw the dark edge growing bright;
Then he laughed—and as coyly the moon peeped out,
The still prairie rang with his wild glad shout.

The moon like a charm o'er his spirit fell,
His features were changed by the magic spell;
A deep sweet smile to his face was given—
He seemed as if breathing the air of heaven.

Now the wind rose high—through the dismal air
The cold sleet fell on his forehead bare;
He cared not, but smilingly still gazed on,
And only was conscious the moon still shone.

I offered him shelter, and warmth, and home,
And bade him, a child, to my cottage come;
I entreated, and urged he must perish soon—
He moved not, but whispered, "The moon! the moon!"

Morn came, and he lay on the cold earth there,
With his wild eyes fixed on the vacant air;
The frost had jewelled his locks of gold,
His eyes were glazed, and his heart was cold.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PUMPKIN HOOD.

BY GEORGE C. LYMAN.

"A PUMPKIN hood, by all that's comfortable!
I haven't seen one these six years." And Ned
Bailey—one of the clerks at the M— post-
office—slipped down from the high stool upon
which he had been seated, and came close to the
window, that he might purvey more at his ease
the little bundle of Thibet and furs that stood
before the ladies' list in the outside apartment.

It was a very graceful little figure, in spite of
the warm wrappings that cumbered its move-
ments, and Ned seemed to take considerable in-
terest in watching it. Presently a very small
plump hand was slipped from its mitten of white
worsted, and a taper, rosy-tipped finger com-
menced running along the line of names. What
a pretty hand it was! Ned's eyes grew bright,
and he regarded the lady more attentively than
ever.

Suddenly the little figure turned around, and

never had a brown merino pumpkin hood, with
a blue silk lining, shaded a prettier face! Such
a pair of dazzling violet eyes! such a pouting,
scarlet mouth! such a complexion—like rose-
tinted ivory! The sudden, half-impatient mo-
tion had tossed over the white brow a tress of
soft, curling hair, like golden silk; and as the
pretty owner tucked it inside the warm hood, the
glance of her bright eyes fell upon Ned. Such a
blush as leaped into her beautiful face!—(Ned
was decidedly a good-looking young man, with
a pair of fine, dark eyes)—it made the half-
captivated fellow dream of roses and lilies all
that night. But the young lady didn't stay to
observe its effect. Very hastily she tripped into
the street, and if Ned sighed as she went away,
we don't know as anybody possessed the authority
to dispute his right.

It was very cold when the clock struck nine
that night, and Ned buttoned his overcoat closely
about him, as he walked hastily homeward.
Spite of the brisk exercise, he was benumbed
with the cold when he reached his lodgings.
Hurrying up the stairs, he threw open the door
of his room and entered. The place was as
cold as a tomb.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, thrashing his arms.
"That confounded fellow has neglected to make
a fire again. It's enough to try the patience of
a—better fellow than I am."

He rang the bell violently, and when a little
round-faced negro-boy answered the summons,
he gave vent to a burst of eloquence that quite
bewildered the boy.

"Wasn't it enough for him to walk over half
a mile such a night, without coming to a room
like that? Did Tom remember what he had
promised him last week for this very thing? and
now which would he prefer—a caning, or a pair
of boxed ears! He didn't want to hear any
excuses. Tom might save his breath to con-
vince some one besides himself that he was any-
thing else than a lazy, good-for-nothing torment.
If he would be kind enough to quit interrupting
him, when he was talking, he would be exceed-
ingly obliged to him. And now did he know
where the coal-bin was? If he was possessed of
the desired information, Ned should expect a
fire in that grate in the course of three min-
utes, or—"

Tom didn't wait to hear any more, and the
discomforted bachelor sat down in an arm-chair
and laid his watch on the table before him.
Perhaps he thought that this little show of
authority would accelerate Tom's movements,
but it really didn't seem to have the desired
effect. It was full five minutes before the plump

little fellow waddled in with the fuel, and then he proceeded so leisurely to lay and kindle it, that Ned at length quietly arose, and taking him by the collar, led him to the door and shut him out. Then he proceeded to do the work himself.

Presently the polished grate held a bed of glowing coals, and Ned threw himself upon a lounge and lay gazing into it. But he was decidedly out of humor, and his countenance was anything but a pleasant one. Presently he commenced muttering to himself:

"He was really the most unfortunate fellow alive. He wished he had a home and a wife—mother. He couldn't see the least use in his own existence. He wished most heartily that he had never been born. He hadn't any friends, and he didn't want any friends."

He took another position upon the lounge and turned a cold shoulder to the warm, genial fire. With the new position came a new train of thought. He carelessly recalled the events of the day, and then suddenly remembered the pumpkin hood and its owner. He recalled the rosy face and pretty, jewelled hand that had attracted his attention that morning. Immediately upon this recollection, he felt better. He made friends with the fire again, and fixed his eyes pleasantly upon its brightness. He speculated upon whom the little lady was—wished he could see her again. Wondered if she was married, and concluded she wasn't. Was quite sure she wasn't, and in a few moments grew quite angry at himself for entertaining such an idea for a moment. Put a bold face upon the matter, however, and wished *he* was. Declared that he shouldn't have the slightest objections, if a little blue-eyed lady should open the door and enter that very room. Indeed he shouldn't object very strongly if she threw her cloak and furs and a brown and blue pumpkin hood over a chair, and then came and seated herself upon an ottoman beside him. And then if she should take a whim to rest her bare, dimpled arm on his breast and lay her curly head upon it, he didn't know how he could help it, without being rude—and Mr. Bailey made a point of treating all ladies with the strictest politeness.

He was very proud of his handsomely furnished apartment; yet he didn't know but what it would be less annoying than he had sometimes thought, to have a pair of small, white hands take her nicely arranged books from their case and leave them lying on the sofas and window seats. He couldn't prove that a pair of number three and a half slippers would look any worse thrown carelessly down upon the hearth than his

own did; and to his taste, the firelight would stream more richly upon an animated, flushing, living face lying softly upon his breast, than it did upon the calm, Madonna features in the gilt frame opposite. With a little sigh, he closed his eyes and let his fancy have free range. The clock struck eleven, but he did not move. Of what was he thinking? O, Ned, Ned! are you not playing traitor to the vows you made, so long ago, when pretty Lizzie Howe coolly presented you with a mitten?

The fire was gradually going down. A wreath of white ashes fell upon it. The flame of the lamp grew dim, and the room became dark and cold. With a rattle, the few living coals in the grate fell together. A mist of fairy frost-work grew over the window-panes. The wind came up and rattled the casements. With a sudden start, Ned awoke and sprang to his feet. Ah, Ned! after an evening spent like this, who shall answer for your dreams?

St. Valentine's Day. Ned worked himself into a brisk glow, as he sprang about the office, for not since he could remember, had there been such a rush of business. It was enough to make a man contented with his lot for a week afterwards, to have the privilege of waiting upon the owners of the pretty, shy faces that peeped in upon the occupants of the little back office continually. The place was crowded, and the chime of merry voices and the ring of gay laughter sounded through the building all day. Ned was tired, when night came—weary of the hum and bustle, pleasant as it was. The ladies had deserted the office—for the evening was a dark and snowy one—and save the occasional tap of a gloved finger against the window glass, as the owner called for the contents of his box, the place was very quiet.

Suddenly the sound of gay voices was heard. Ned stepped to the window. Why did his heart give such a tremendous leap? A young lady and a gentleman stood together in the outside office. As Ned looked forth, the gentleman was closing the door against the drifting snow, and the lady stood holding her skirts from her little India rubber-booted feet, while she stamped the snow from them. Laughing gayly, she untied the blue ribbons of her hood and brushed the snow from her wavy, golden hair. Then still chatting merrily with her companions, she turned to the list of letters. Again the little white finger travelled the line of names. Then hastily she turned to the window. Ned's heart beat fast.

"Miss Jessie Raymond," she cried, in the most musical of voices.

Ned reached a package of letters and shifted them four consecutive times, without knowing whether the desired letter was there or not.

"I am quite sure that it is here," observed the owner of the dazzling eyes that was watching his movements. "It is impossible that it has been taken by any one else."

With some effort, Ned recovered his scattered senses and found the letter. As he handed it forth, the touch of the little white hand that received it, thrilled him like an electric shock. He blushed, and when the young lady made some inquiry regarding the evening mail, stammered so as to be scarcely intelligible.

When she had gone, he sat down and covered his face with his hands. One of the clerks came in and asked if he was sick. He thought he was—would go home and leave him to close up the office. And he went home, but not to sleep. The queerest fancies haunted him. If he looked into the fire, the coals assumed the appearance of bright eyes that sparkled and laughed in his face. He tried to read. If a cloud of silky, golden hair had fallen upon the pages, he could have distinguished the words and their meaning quite as plainly. The sound of the wind seemed to him like gay, mocking, girlish laughter; and he grew so uneasy, that at last he sprang up and commenced pacing the floor. But he soon grew tired of that, and seated himself at his desk to write to an old schoolmate. Having written three pages very carefully, he prepared to read them, and found them to be addressed to "dear Jessie," and their import to consist of the most extravagant expressions of love.

"I believe I'm bewitched!" he exclaimed, tossing the sheet into the fire. Ah, Ned! there was "more truth than poetry" in those words.

When the eastern mail came in, next morning, Ned received a letter from an aunt who was his only surviving relative, and had been his guardian from his infancy. The old lady was an invalid, and very wealthy and eccentric; and though Ned ever treated her in a most dutiful manner, her commands were sometimes very unreasonable and annoying to him. She would imagine her last end to be drawing near, without the slightest physical change to warrant the supposition; and whenever this whim entered her head, her nephew was forthwith summoned to attend her. So used had Ned become to this freak, that the reception of the letter caused him not the slightest uneasiness on the good lady's account, although he gave utterance to a little sigh on his own.

"I wonder how long I am to be shut up in that dismal old den of a country-house, in the

dead of winter?" he muttered, as he threw himself and his portmanteau into the cars. "And just now, of all times! Hang the women!"

If Ned had been asked if he made no exceptions, when he gave vent to this spiteful denunciation of the fair sex, he would have given the questioner a most unsatisfactory answer. But as it was, he was whirled on to his destination without any interruption to his most uncomfortable thoughts.

"Just as I supposed!" he exclaimed to himself that evening, as he walked back and forth in the long sitting-room beneath his aunt's chamber. "Another of those unreasonable whims. Now what in the name of reason am I to do, caged up in this old, dreary place, for the next four weeks, whilst she—" He stopped, shocked at his own indiscretion, and then taking a lamp from the mantel, went sullenly to bed.

Several days passed by—Mrs. Bailey always remaining in her own room, and Ned, companionless and lonely, wandering restlessly about the house, uneasy in mind and body.

At last the mistress of the establishment considered herself able to be brought down stairs, and, having been bolstered up in an easy-chair, was wheeled into the parlor, where sat her most unhappy nephew in a brown study.

"Edwin," she exclaimed, after gazing at him for some time, "how queerly you look! You're not going to be sick, are you?"

With only an "excuse me, aunt," in answer, Ned hurried from the room.

Incongruous as the idea seemed, he had suddenly devised a scheme that might possibly favor him. Going to his room, he seated himself, with pen, ink and paper; and when a servant came to call him to dinner, she was answered only by a thundering "begone!"

That afternoon, Ned walked a mile and a half to the post-office, and carried with him a letter addressed to Miss Jessie Raymond. It was a bold venture, but Ned was desperate—and—successful!

On the third morning, he received an answer. A perfumed note was handed him, on which was inscribed the most delicate characters, expressive of the modest interest which the writer felt in the author of the letter she had received, and a kind consent to correspond with him. Ned was in raptures; he pressed the precious missive to his lips and put it—away in his trunk! It was answered immediately, and letters came and went, through the succeeding fortnight, at a rate that made the old postmaster look suspiciously over his spectacles at Ned's handsome, animated face.

At length his aunt gave her consent to his return to town, and then the last and most important letter was penned. He gave full vent to his emotions, and in the most delicate manner hinted at his wish to see his fair correspondent in person, and begged the favor of an interview on his return to town. An answer granting all he desired was received, and on the following day he was seated in the cars, on his way to M—. As he rode along, he took the last precious letter from his pocket and re-read it. Somehow it did not sound to him then as it did when he first perused it in the solitude of his chamber. He thought it smacked more of the theatrical style than any letter he had ever seen before. But then had he not written her much in the same strain—ardently, extravagantly, with allusions to congenial souls and future bliss? He replaced it in his vest pocket, with a smile, and leaning back in his seat, gave himself up to pleasant thoughts.

Stopping at his hotel only long enough to leave his portmanteau and make some alterations in his toilet, he hurried out on to the street in the direction of Miss Raymond's residence. He found it a large brick house, with a quiet, aristocratic air. His ring was answered by a mulatto girl, who ushered him into a finely furnished apartment, where he sat down with a heart beating a great deal faster than usual, and awaited the appearance of the lady.

At last a light step was heard, and as he rose, ere he had time to turn towards the door, a female, about six feet high, dressed in a very gaily trimmed dress of pink merino, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, threw himself violently into his arms, and amidst tears and caresses, sobbed out—"My dear Edwin!"

Ned turned pale and staggered to a seat upon the sofa—the lady still clinging to him.

"My dear madam," he cried, striving to lift the ringletted head from his shoulder.

"O, do not speak to me!" she exclaimed, throwing both her bare, sallow arms about his neck. "It is happiness enough to be near you—to feel your embrace—to know that at length I have found a congenial soul—that nought but death can ever part us more! O, I love you—I love you!"

"For heaven's sake, madam!" cried Ned, wildly, struggling from her embrace; and at length succeeding, he stood before her. "There has been some mistake. You are not the lady I wished to see."

"Who did you wish to see?" said the lady, suddenly drying her tears, and brushing her dishevelled ringlets from her face.

For an instant, Ned stood nonplussed; then suddenly observing the portrait of the beautiful object of his dreams, and the wearer of the pumpkin hood, he pointed to it and said:

"It is the original of that, that I saw, and supposed I was corresponding with. How has this terrible mistake occurred?"

"That is the portrait of my niece, Miss Alice Browne. She was married here this morning, and left town with her husband a few hours ago. She has taken several letters from the post-office for me lately, and I suppose that is what you meant by saying that you had first seen me there. But," cried the lady, springing towards him, convulsed with anger, "you needn't think to get off in this way—for you won't. No," she continued, shaking her bony hand so near his face, that he stepped back in dismay, "no, I'll not be tampered with in this way. I'll sue you for breach of promise, sir, for I'm able to do it. I have your letters, and the smartest lawyer in the land can't clear you. You're a wretch to abuse a poor girl in this way—gaining her affections, and then casting her off with some senseless twaddle about a mistake! I'll not stand it, sir. I'll not be hoaxed by any man!"

Poor Ned! Explanation and persuasion were useless. The affair cost him a lawsuit, and that wasn't the worst of it. About three months after, he passed in the street the beautiful niece of his correspondent, and by the roguish sparkle of her blue eyes, as she met his glance, he knew that she was acquainted with the whole matter. Words could not express his chagrin, yet, strange to say, the affair has not taught him the lesson it was evidently intended to teach—for Ned is still a bachelor, and stares at the pretty girls who enter the office as intently as ever.

AN OPEN DOOR.

A few years since, while Rev. Thomas Hill (the newly elected President of Antioch College), was occupying the pulpit for the day, of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, there was a very severe rain storm, and the church door being open, one of the congregation was about to shut it, when Mr. Hill announced his text from Rev. 3: 8: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The effect upon the person was so apparent that he did not stir; so the door remained open.

The sermon, however, was a very good one, and opened the door to the attention of the congregation present; but the coincidence of the occasion was remarked by several, and Mr. Hill (who was afterwards informed of it) laughed heartily over it.—*Christian Inquirer*.

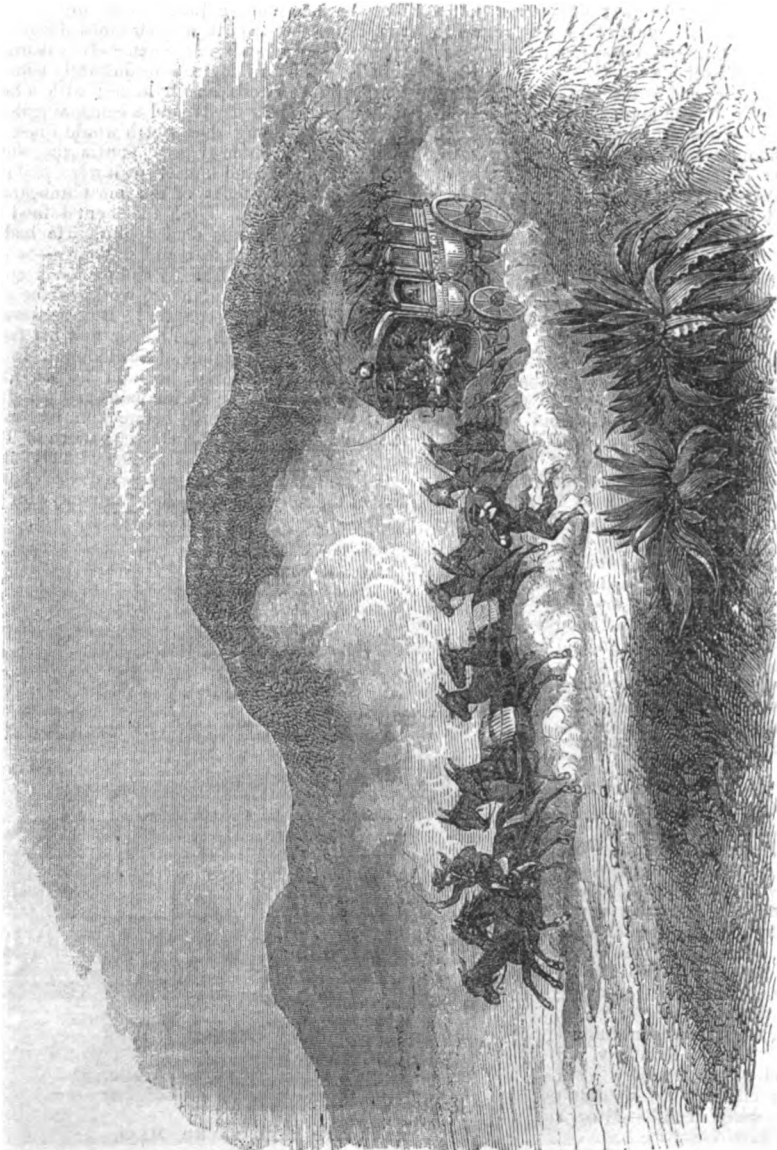
A SKYLARK.

Type of the wise, who soar but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.
WORDSWORTH.

MODES OF TRAVEL.

In the three engravings which follow, we present some spirited pictures of some of the modes of locomotion in use in Europe and the East. The first is a Spanish diligence, a cumbrous affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postilions. The rider of the only horse in the team is plying his lash lustily, and another postilion has dismounted so that he can distribute his favors all along the line of mules. He will throw

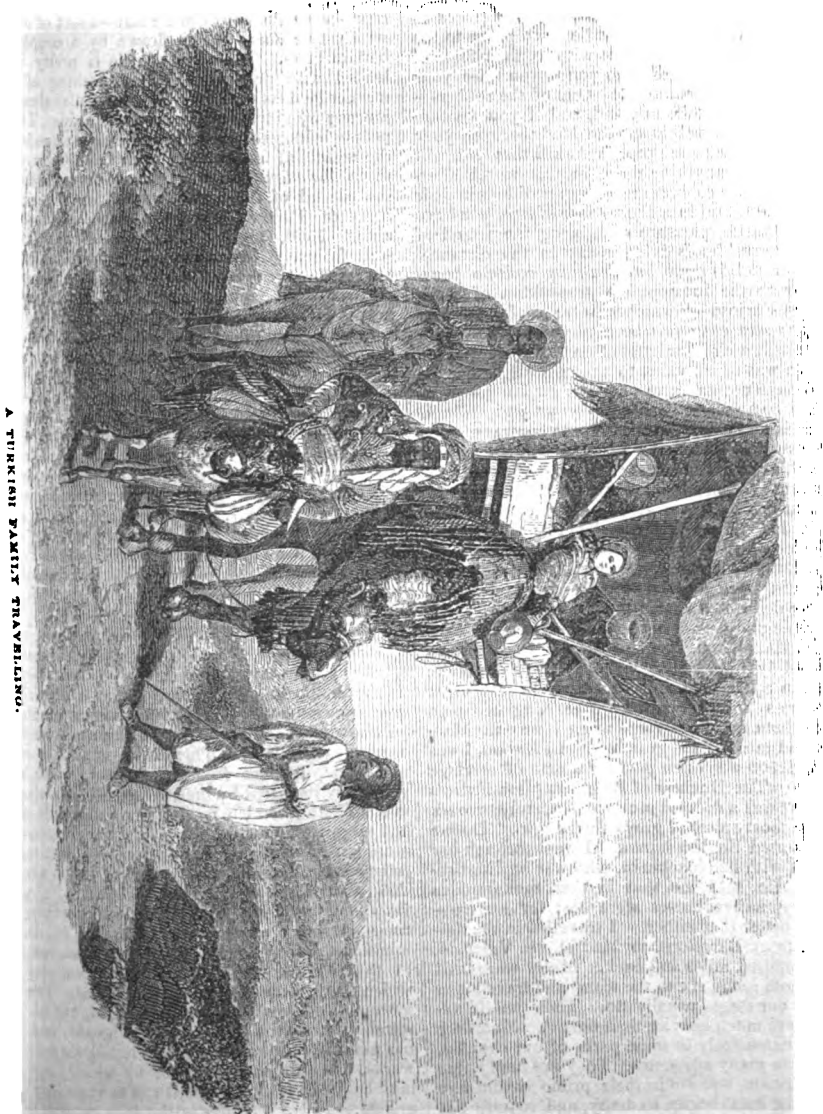
himself into the saddle again when his arm is weary. When a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided, it will be seen, into three compartments, the seats of which vary in eligibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam.



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

Still the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. The drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—the rivers with names as musical as the waves—the storied cities through which you pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable *posadas* at which you halt—the manners and costumes of peas-

ants, innkeepers and priests, which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of "that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha," there are "inklings of adventure," which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, *Senor Traveller*? The jaded mules are drawing your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fanciful villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines,



A TURKISH FAMILY TRAVELING.

pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on the penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire*. The escort haven't the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags and gallop off at a furious rate, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given—*boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses' hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of *Bombastes Furioso*—"watches were made to go." Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto sticking in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. Lieutenant Slidell was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his "Year in Spain." The *salteadores* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules, such as are delineated in our engraving, are very serviceable and frequently very handsome animals. J. N. Hambleton, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by J. S. Skinner, says: "Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The King of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the *grandees*. In Lisbon, I was told, \$1500 was often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Braganza (Don Pedro's widow) was a decided mulewoman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Englishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours." Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country, and have many advocates. They are hardy, free from disease, and are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but

two-thirds the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic.

Another of our engravings shows us a Turkish family on their travels. The patient camel, the "desert ship," so admirably adapted by Providence for travelling the arid wastes of sand that abound in the East, bears the burden of a huge frame covered with cloth, which contains the veiled women and children of the Turkish family. This contrivance must be well balanced and ballasted to keep it trim. A grave Turk paces beside it on his barb, preceded by a Nubian on a diminutive donkey. The young camel driver is also a Nubian. Another engraving of the series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrovah, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrovah the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the farmers and *rayahs*. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.

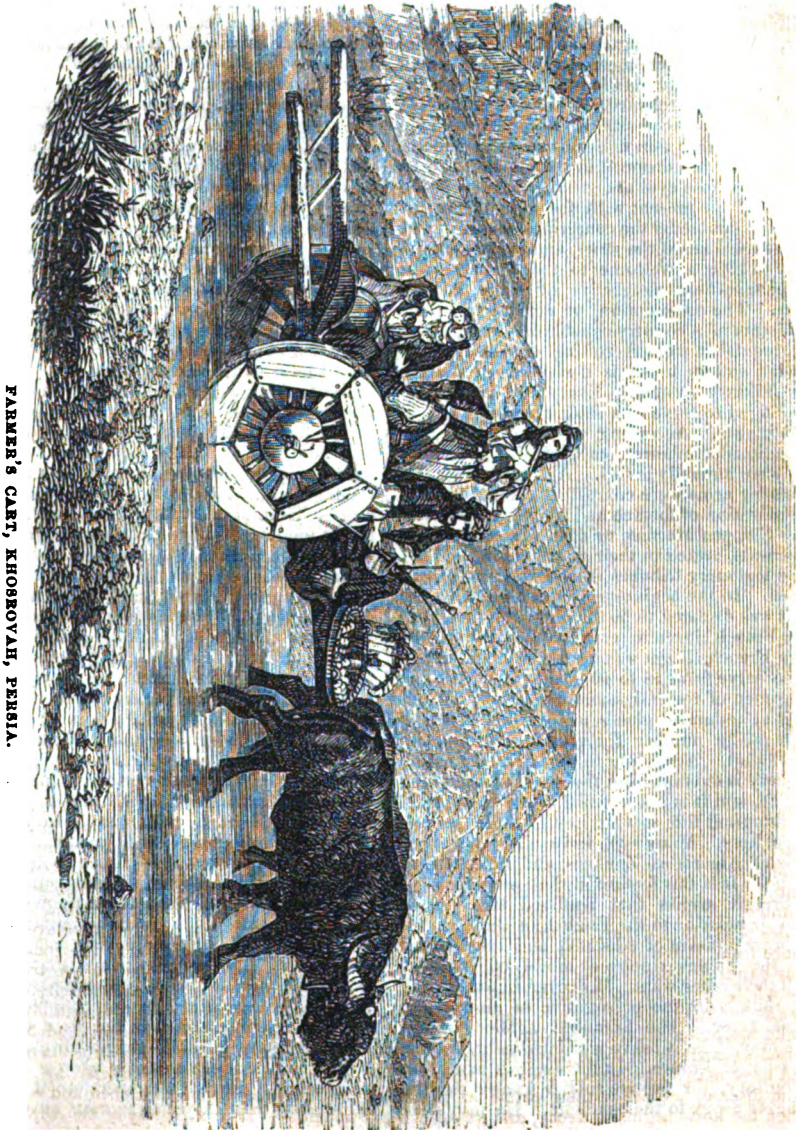
POPULAR INTELLIGENCE.

It is a common error to overrate the intelligence of the present day, and underrate our forefathers in the intellectual scale; for, although our nomadic ancestors were long without the cultivation of knowledge and literature, they were not, therefore, mentally inert. There is an education of the mind, distinct from the literary, which is gradually imparted by the contingences of active life. In this, which is always the education of the largest portion of mankind, our ancestors were never deficient. The operation of practical but powerful intellect may be traced in the wisdom and energy of their great political mechanisms and municipal institutions. It pervades their ancient laws; and is displayed in full dimensions, as to our Saxon and Norman ancestors, in that collection of our native jurisprudence which one Braston has transmitted to us. The system of common law there exhibited, was admirably adapted to their wants and benefit; and has mainly contributed to form the national bulwarks, that individual character by which England has been so long enriched and so vigorously upheld.—*Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons.*

THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

The two pretty pictures which accompany this sketch are particularly distinguished by grace and truth to nature. The first depicts the "Departure of the Conscript." The scene of this little drama lies, as we perceive from the costumes, in Bretagne. War has brought its evils home to the heart of a peaceful, rural village, whose inhabitants have no aspirations for glory, and are probably ignorant of the national dispute which has rendered a levy of men inevitable. The fatal lot of conscription has fallen upon the best-loved, the Benjamin of a little rural family. In the distance the drum is beating the *rappel*,

and the young conscripts are falling into ranks, at the summons of the non-commissioned officer who is reading the roll-call. The conscript hears it and must obey. His youthful countenance expresses the deepest anguish. His afflicted mother, almost overpowered by her emotions, droops her head upon his shoulder, and clinging fondly to her darling, sighs out her sad farewell. On the other side of the youth stands his father, a toil-worn man, whose hard features, as he gazes on his son and clasps his hand, are relaxed by grief and tenderness. The young brother, who holds the conscript's wallet, and who is to accom-



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROVAH, PERSIA.

pany him to the rendezvous, also stands the picture of grief. An older sister, with a babe in her arms, is hiding her tear-filled eyes with her hand. Even the dog gazes wistfully on the little group, as if conscious of the distress of the family to which he is attached. It is a bitter moment for all. Turn we to the second picture. Years have passed. We are standing on the same spot—before the same doorway. A pent roof has been added to it—and even the decay of that addition attests the march of time. The conscript, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, ripened from a soft youth into a stern, bearded man, rushes to meet his old mother, whose prayers for his preservation on the field of battle, nightly and daily poured forth, have prevailed. In the shadow of the doorway the youthful brother, now a full grown man, is advancing to greet the wanderer. We miss the figure of the father. Sire and son will never meet again on this side of eternity. The old man is laid to rest with his fathers in the churchyard. In one of the boys in the foreground we can scarcely recognize the baby brother; but that thin figure by the cottage door, whose basket has dropped in the moment of surprise, and whose eyes are seeking to reconcile the features of the present with the memory of the past, is undoubtedly the conscript's sister. The villages have heard the news, and are rushing together to give a welcome to the soldier. The two pictures are suggestive of quite a little drama. The conscription, or enlistment of the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms, is distinguished from recruiting, or voluntary enlistment, and its name is derived from the ancient military system. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his 17th to his 45th year. According to the Roman law, four legions of infantry, each consisting of 6666 men, were annually levied. All citizens capable of bearing arms were compelled, under penalty of deprivation of fortune and liberty, to assemble in the Campus Martius, or near the capitol, and the consuls, seated in their curule chairs, assisted by the legionary tribunes, made their selections of men. In the beginning of the French revolution it was declared to be the duty and honor of every French citizen to serve in the French army. Every French citizen was born a soldier, and liable to serve from 12 to 40 years of age. The young men of the designated age assembled annually at appointed places, and the selections of the requisite number from each locality was made by lot. According to this system, no rank in society is exempt from the duty of defending the state, and it is not unusual to see young men of fortune and title serving in the ranks as private soldiers. Many such have made the campaigns of Algeria as *Zouaves* and *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. It is this feature in the composition of the French armies that rendered the French troops so superior to the English in the Crimea. The large infusion of educated and refined men gives the French troops a moral effectiveness which their allies want. Moreover, in the French army rank is not the prerogative of money and official favor. The humblest soldier in the ranks may, if he is brave and intelligent, become a marshal of France. In the English army, on the contrary, the private soldier knows that he can never aspire to the epaulette. He may shed

his blood for the honor of his country and the glory of his chief, but his sword can never carve out advancement for himself. The French have from time immemorial been distinguished for their feats of arms and for their love of military glory. It was the boast of the ancestors of the present race of Frenchmen, that, even if the arch of heaven were to sink, they would sustain it on their lance points. In theory, every man in France is born a soldier—and in fact, there is scarcely a man among the many millions of France, who has not, in the course of his life, experienced the thrill of military ardor. Even the women have been infected with this passion. In the wars of the old republic, General Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp two of the most beautiful women in all France. They were seen under the heaviest fire, rallying the faint-hearted and heading the heroic soldiers in the most desperate charges. In the civil wars of Paris, grisettes have fought and fallen beside their lovers; and an epaulette and spur go a great way in winning the smiles of the French fair. Louis Napoleon has made good use of the Gallic love of arms, and his throne may be said to rest on bayonets. It is an alarming fact that in France, in every twenty years, at least a million and a half of men are restored from the army to agricultural pursuits, a large proportion of whom are unfit to resume their stations in civil life, from the idleness and vicious habits engendered by campaigning. M. Alletz says: "Look at the soldier just freed from service. He spends before his departure, in some coarse pleasure, the money that he has received from home to enable him to return. Reduced to pawn a portion of his garments to supply the deficiency thus created, he reaches his native place half-naked, drooping with fatigue and hunger. In a few days is exhausted the natural joy he feels at finding himself among his friends again. Accustomed to the excitement of danger, if he has been in the field, or to the vagabond indolence which he leads in great cities during a long peace, he soon feels a heavy and brutal *ennui*. Everything is strange and monotonous to him; the uniformity of life which he is compelled to lead wearies him, used as he is to perpetual change; the solitude of the village gives no scope to his loquacity; the necessity of work alarms his indolence; his newly-acquired liberty embarrasses a character broken by discipline; he misses the public places of the cities; *ennui* makes him irritable and hard; he seeks out old companions of arms and idleness, gets drunk with them, quarrels, ruins or drives his family to despair; shortens, perhaps, the days of his mother; becomes an evil example to youth, excites the indignation of all respectable people, is a cause of affliction and dishonor to his family, and disturbs the repose of the magistrate. It is a sad thing to say, but it is too frequent to find old soldiers among the greatest criminals. Louvel, Fieschi, Alibaud, moreover, had been soldiers." M. Randot, also, says that the fifty thousand men who generally return per annum to civil life, find it difficult to compete with workmen whose education has not been disturbed. They generally go and inhabit towns, and, according to him, form an army always ready for insurrection. In civil war, therefore, it is against old soldiers that the young recruits have to fight.

THE FATAL HELMETS.*

A GALLIC LEGEND.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was on a dark evening in the month of February, 814, that two horsemen, clad in complete armor, and mounted on fleet and powerful charges, rode rapidly towards one of the gates of the city of Paris. They were young and gallant knights, favorites of Charlemagne, and now bound for the ancient palace of Thermes, with

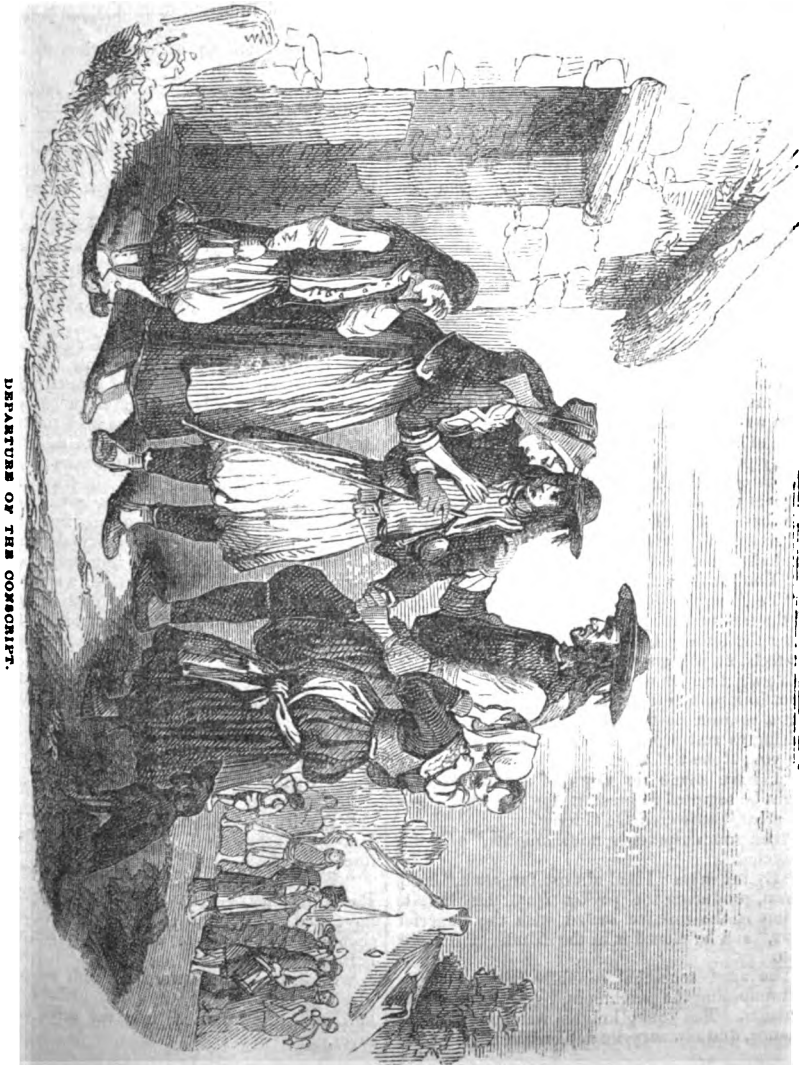
* The basis of this sketch may be found in that very agreeable and valuable illustrated work, "Les Rues de Paris."

sealed despatches for its seneschal, from the new monarch, Louis, the brother and successor of the great emperor.

"Look, Raoul!" said one of the riders, Robert de Guercy, addressing his companion, Raoul de Lys, "the clouds have lifted a little, and through a rent in the murky canopy of heaven, one star beams out, a prestige of good fortune."

"Ay, Robert," replied his brother-in-arms, and methinks I behold, rising in the distance, the hoary battlements and time-worn towers of the old palace. Dearer to me, that old Roman pile, in all its rude severity, than the fairest citadel of other lands—for is it not the bower of my ladye love, Rotrude the peerless?"

"Not peerless!" answered de Guercy, "you forget her sister Gisla."



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSORT.

"They are twin-stars of beauty," said Raoul. "Worthy of the blood that courses in their veins—worthy sisters of the imperial Charlemagne."

"What think you the new monarch will say to our attachment?"

"I know not. I have not learned to read his character. But I fear his austerity and pride. Yet a little while, Robert, must our loves be hidden. We have wooed and won our mistresses in secret—let us still shroud our passions in the veil of mystery. The hour will come, believe me, when we can avouch it in the face of day. When we have carved our fortunes with our swords, and earned with our blood the highest honors of chivalry, each can claim the hand of an emperor's sister as his guerdon. But here we are at the gate."

Raising his bugle to his lips, Raoul blew a vigorous and martial blast. The gate was opened, and the knights, setting spurs to their horses, dashed under the archway, the flambeaux of the guard throwing a ruddy light upon their gleaming armor and white plumes. Recognizing the companions as royal messengers, a few cavaliers mounted in haste, and offered their escort as far as the palace of Thermes.

The party galloped on at full speed, the iron-shod feet of the horses dashing fire from the stones that lay scattered in the narrow, unpaved, and ill-kept streets. At length they reached the old palace, where the knights dismissed their escort. The seneschal, an old man, whose white beard descended half-way to his girdle, received them with the honors due to couriers from the emperor, and gave orders that their chargers should be cared for, while he himself marshalled the way into a long, vaulted hall, wainscotted with oak, upon the walls of which hung panoplies of arms and banners of all nations, many of them wrested from their original possessors by the gallantry of Charlemagne. Yet it was a dreary place, and the night-wind, that found its way through the loop-holes, swayed the rustling banners to and fro with a dismal, moaning sound, like that of the voice of the prophet of evil. The old seneschal, having conducted the knights thus far, halted and said:

"You are from Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied Raoul. "And we have ridden all the way on the spur—securing fresh horses all along the route. I know not how my companion feels, he will answer for himself; but for my own part, I am as weary in limb as after a day spent in lopping off heads upon a field of battle. But a venison pasty and a flagon of wine before retiring to rest would not come amiss. What say you, Robert?"

"I have made no vows of abstinence, or I might be tempted to break it, for my necessities are great," answered De Guercy.

"But your despatches, noble knights," said the seneschal.

"By the mass! I had almost forgotten," said Raoul, producing the packet from his breast. "Here is the missive sealed with the imperial arms," and he placed it in the hands of the old man.

The aged seneschal carefully broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment, began to read the contents. The young knights watched his countenance, and saw surprise depicted in his features.

When he had read every word, the seneschal raised his head, and addressing the bearer of the despatch, said:

"You are named Raoul de Lys?"

Raoul inclined his head.

"And you?" the seneschal continued, turning to the second knight.

"My name is Robert de Guercy."

"Then, Robert de Guercy and Raoul de Lys," said the seneschal, "I arrest you both."

"By whose authority?" demanded Raoul, fiercely.

"By the emperor's," replied the seneschal, striking the parchment with his withered hand.

The two knights looked at each other with astonishment.

"You will surrender your swords," said the seneschal.

Raoul and Robert disdainfully gave up their weapons.

"At least tell us of what crime we are accused," said Raoul.

"It is not specified in the letter," replied the seneschal, "only that you are to be imprisoned, and my orders command your separation."

"Our separation!" cried Raoul, throwing himself into the arms of his friend. "Robert is my brother-in-arms—my companion in peril and pleasure. Part us not."

"Compel me not to use violence," said the seneschal, gravely. "Obey—and trust to fortune."

"Good-night, then, Robert," said Raoul, sadly. "What may be the issue of this affair Heaven only can decide."

The seneschal departed with his other prisoner, and Raoul de Lys heard the door barred and locked behind him. Throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he reflected painfully upon the sudden change which had fallen on his fortunes. A few days since, he was a favorite of the greatest monarch of the earth—now, he was a prisoner by the command of his successor. A few moments before, he looked forward to a rapturous meeting with Rotrude, now he was separated from her and perhaps forever. As these painful thoughts passed through his mind, the iron tongue of the belfry of St. James struck twelve; a secret door swung open on its hinges, and Robert de Guercy, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by a female figure, entered the hall. Raoul started to his feet.

"Raoul! brother! friend!" cried the knight. "We must up and act. The emperor has doomed us to perpetual imprisonment."

"How know you this?"

Robert de Guercy pointed to the shrinking figure of Gisla.

"Is this true, lady?"

"Too true," replied Gisla. "And ere many hours, my brother will be himself in Paris to enforce his orders."

"Why did we give up our swords?" said Raoul, furiously—"it would have been better to have died fighting like knights and gentlemen, than perish like rats in a dungeon. But where is Rotrude?"

"Here, Raoul," answered the soft voice of a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who glided into the hall and threw herself into the arms of her lover.



RETURN FROM THE WAR.

Gisla wrung her hands and wept.

"Fie, sister!" said Rotrude, turning from the embrace of Raoul. "These tears are unworthy of a sister of Charlemagne—the mistress of a gallant knight. All is not desperate. The seneschal is sound asleep. I have corrupted the guards. Four fleet horses are saddled in the court-yard. Let us fly while yet we have the time."

"And whither fly?" asked a deep voice.

Rotrude turned in terror, and Louis himself, issuing from the secret passage, stood before them.

"Thou here?" cried Rotrude.

"Ay—sister mine," cried the monarch. "Why, you fly before me, maidens, like startled doves.

I found your nest warm; I knew you could not be far off."

"But how could you win your way hither?"

Louis smiled.

"Dear girl," said he, "the secret passages of the old palace are as well known to me as to the architect himself. I could find my way through their labyrinthine windings blindfolded. So," he added, turning to the two knights, "you are here?"

"Yes, my liege," answered Raoul, "and unarmed and prisoners by your order."

"Valor may well be a prisoner, when beauty is his jailer," said the monarch, smiling. "Am I to understand you, noble knights, that you love these damsels fair?"

"More than life!" replied Robert and Raoul, simultaneously.

"And you are not disposed to be cruel?" asked Louis, turning to the two sisters.

Their blushes answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" cried Louis, reproachfully. "Why did you not make a confidant of me, and treat me as a friend and brother? You should have been wedded royally. Now, since it seems to me that the ceremony must immediately take place, there is no room for splendor. I have a priest in waiting. Go, dearest sisters, and put on your bravest attire, and return to me at once."

The sisters obeyed.

Raoul was astounded.

"Can I have heard aright!" he exclaimed.

"Does your majesty really intend to bestow on poor knights the sisters of your majesty?"

"If you live," replied the monarch, ye shall wed them ere the morning dawn. Poor knights! say you? Those who enjoy a sovereign's favor can never be called poor. And as a token of my countenance, I hereby present two costly helmets with the accompanying armor, which I pray you to put on immediately. A warrior should wed in mail."

At a signal from the monarch, four attendants appeared from the secret passage, bringing two complete suits of armor.

"These are curious," said the monarch. "You will value them as having once belonged to my illustrious brother—may his soul rest in peace! They were made in Italy, and sent him from Ravenna, in return for a huge goblet filled with precious stones."

As he spoke thus, the attendants disarmed the knights, and clad them in their new armor. This change accomplished, Louis bade them be seated, and await in the hall the return of himself and their brides.

When, after the lapse of some time, the two sisters, apparelled from head to foot in virgin white, and holding each other by the hand, re-entered the hall, they found the two knights sitting motionless in the huge oaken chairs where Louis had left them. Each lady, distinguishing her lover by his stature, repaired to his side. The warriors did not rise to welcome their brides.

"Raoul!" said Rotrude, placing her white hand on the shoulder of her lover.

Raoul replied not—and the cold steel sent a strange shudder through the frame of the beautiful girl.

"Speak to me, Robert!" cried the other sister. "It is I—it is Gisla, beloved one."

Robert de Guercy neither spoke nor moved.

Rotrude raised the hand of Raoul; when she relinquished it, it fell like lead. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the heart-broken sisters. At the same moment both had made the discovery that their lovers were dead.

A mechanical apparatus, the contrivance of some malevolent genius, was contained in each helmet, the operation of which excluded the air, while the throat of the wearer was gripped as in an iron vice, and life was speedily extinguished. Louis had probably decided that the mere fact of two humble knights aspiring to wed the sisters of their sovereign, was sufficient to merit death; but whatever his motive, his vengeance was speedy and effective. Of the two sisters, Gisla died on

the spot in discovering her lover's death. Rotrude, removed to a convent by order of the emperor, soon lost her reason, and died also, in the course of a few weeks, a raving maniac.

Many—many years afterwards, when the old palace was crumbling away, two suits of armor were brought to light, enclosed in a secret chamber. On examination a skeleton was found in each. But the visor of each helmet, on being raised by mechanical agency, discovered a ghastly head in a state of extraordinary preservation. These were the fatal helmets, and the heads those of the ill-starred lovers of Gisla and Rotrude.

ABUSE OF OUR STOMACHS.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh meat (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form), and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfasts, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table.

Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on.—*Jacques's Hints towards Physical Perfection.*

EPISCOPAL CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church Almanac, for 1860, contains the usual yearly summary of facts and information relating to the Episcopal Church, from which we gather as follows: The Episcopal Church in the United States contains 33 diocesses. The present number of bishops, provisional bishops and assistant bishops is 43; priests and deacons, 2030; parishes, 2110. There were ordained during the year 78 deacons and 93 priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, 281. Churches consecrated, 69. The baptisms were as follows: Infants, 24,415; adults, 5121; not stated, 487; total—30,023. Number of confirmations, 14,596; communicants added, 14,794; present number, 135,767; marriages, 7059; burials, 12,442; Sunday school teachers, 14,091; scholars, 118,069. The amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes was \$1,627,183 12.

CLOUDS.

He'd lie in fields,
And through his fingers watch the changing clouds,
Those playful fancies of the mighty sky.—SWINBURNE.